Scœna Quarta.

Enter Miſtris Quickly, Simple, Iohn Rugby, Doctor Caius, Fenton.

Qu. What, *Iohn Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my Maſter, Maſter Doctor *Caius* coming; if he do (I'faith) and finde any body in the houſe, here will be an old abuſing of Gods patience, and the Kings Engliſh.

Ru. Ile goe watch.

Qu. Goe, and we'll haue a poſſet for't ſoone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honeſt, willing, kinde fellow, as euer ſeruant ſhall come in houſe withall: & I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breedebate: his worſt fault is, that he is giuen to prayer; hee is ſomething peeuiſh that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that paſſe. *Peter Simple*, you ſay your name is?

Si. I, for fault of a better.

Qu. And Maſter *Slender's* your Maſter?

Si. I forſooth.

Qui. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glouers paring-knife?

Si. No forſooth, he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard, a Caine colourd Beard.

Qu. A ſoftly-ſprighted man, is he not?

Si. I forſooth, but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betweene this and his head; hee hath fought with a Warrener.

Qu. How ſay you; oh, I ſhould remember him, do's hee not hold vp his head (as it were?) and ſtrut in his gate?

Si. Yes indeede do's he.

Qui. Well, heauen ſend *Anne Page*, no worſe fortune; Tell Maſter Parſon, *Euans*, I will doe what I can for your Maſter; *Anne* is a good girle, and I wiſh——

Ru. Out alas, here comes my Maſter.

Qu. Wee ſhall all be ſhent; Run in here, good young man;